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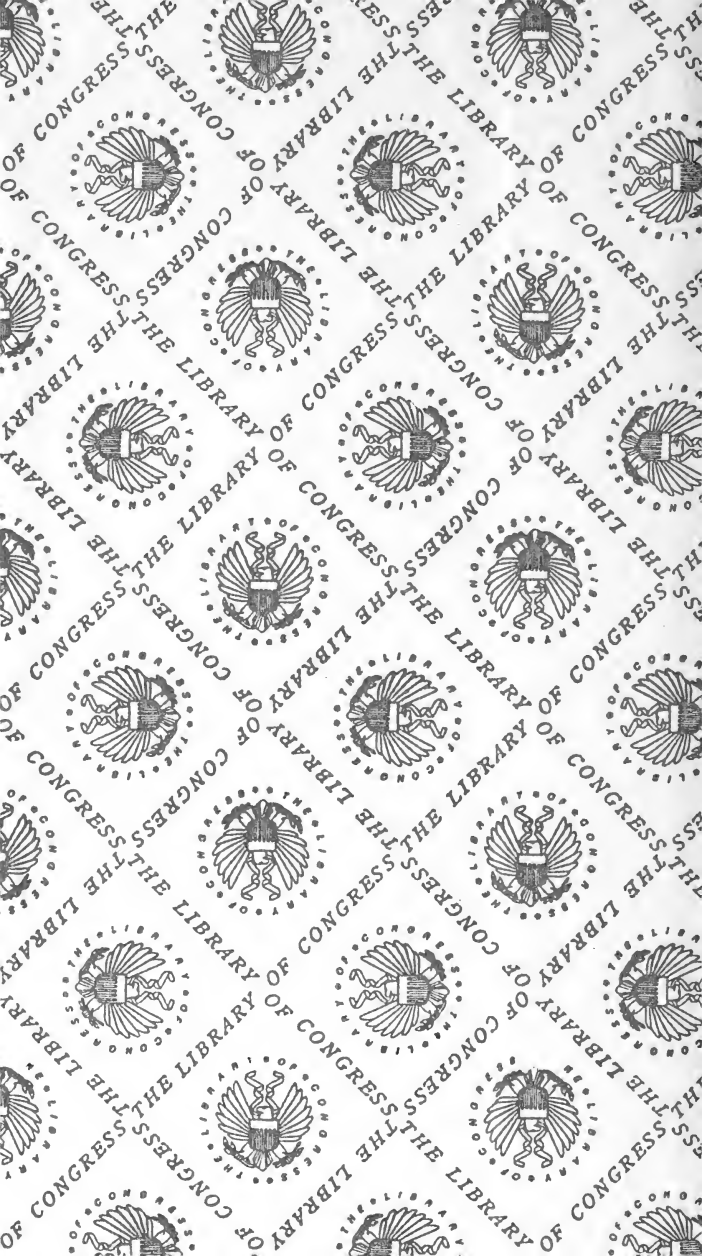
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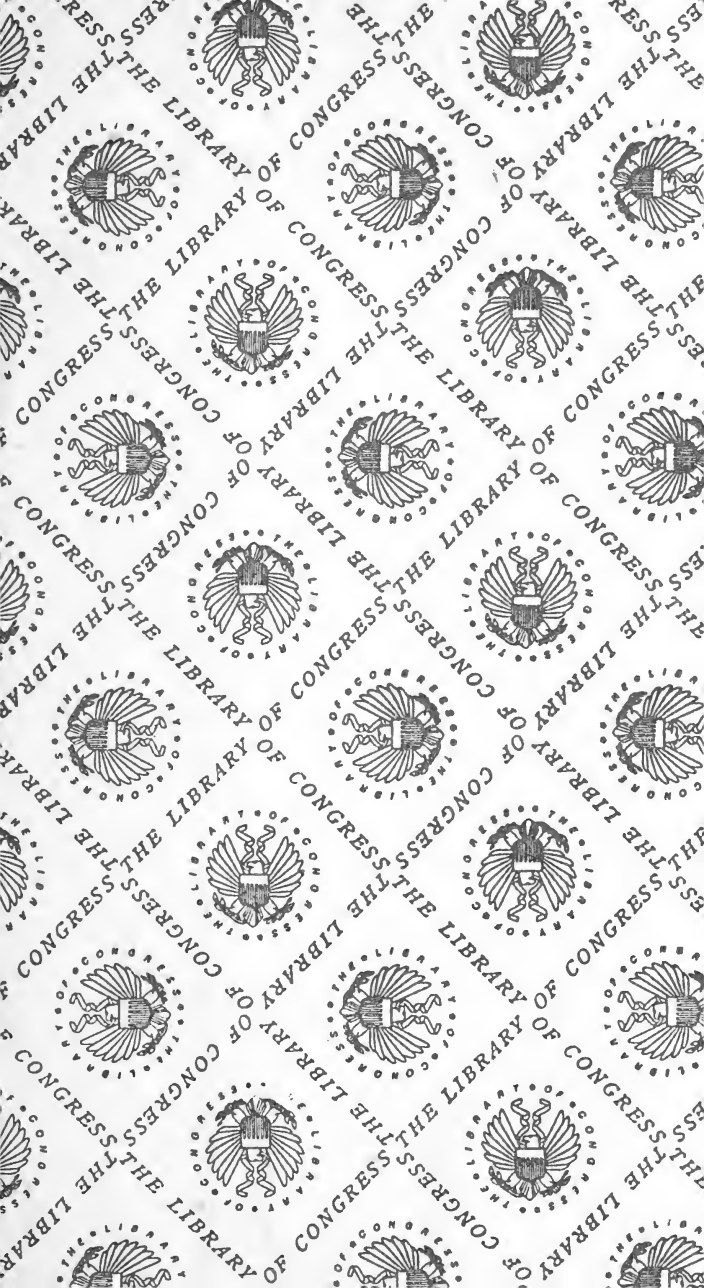
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AVE MARIA.

BY

✓
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

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THE EDITOR PUBLISHING CO.,
1898.

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TO THE
REV. JOSEPH H. McMAHON,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS INSCRIBED, WITH
AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE,
BY
THE AUTHOR.



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MARY.

○ NOBLE type of sweetest womanhood!
O mother-maid who knew nor shame nor sin,
With heart so pure that those who search
therein

Can find but that which is supremely good,
Thou hast not vainly thro' the long years stood
Model of chastity; nor hath it been
Without God's plan that thou shouldst
sweetly win
Souls unto Him who shed His precious blood.

Ah! who hath not been better since he knew
This mother meek, this maiden undefiled?
And who hath not, for her sake, as he grew
To manhood, tried to be a little child
In thought and deed, as pure as she whose breast
Pillowed the Christ-child's head and gave Him
rest?

BROTHERHOOD.

HOW can I draw more near to Him
Than thro' this one so dear to Him?
For if I call sweet Mary "Mother,"
As He did, am I not His brother?

MATER DOLOROSA.

TEACH me to weep, sweet mother-maid,
As thou didst weep for thy dear Son.
How Christ would love me if I shed
One tear for Him like thine—just one.

SACRED.

THE ground where He hath trod is sanctified,
The very air He breathed is holy, too;
Thrice sacred is the cross on which He died
And suffered for the world—for me and you.

Ah! could we have one thorn that kissed His
brow,
How hallowed would it be because it pressed
That sacred head that learned to humbly bow,
Obedient to grief, unknown to rest.

O Mary! since upon thy virgin heart
He lay and slept amid His early years,
Thy bosom is a place all set apart,
Blest, blest indeed, made sacred by His tears;

All sanctified because He nestled there,
Made holy by His presence, undefiled;
Then glad am I to fall in slumber where
He slept and dreamed when but a little child.

TO A ROSE,
FOUND DEAD ON THE VIRGIN'S ALTAR.

○ favored flower, to die at Mary's feet!
I think a death like thine must be most
sweet.
No pang, no sad regret, no thought of fear
Would come to me if, dying, she were
near!

KINDRED.

SINCE Christ Himself became the loving Child
Of Mary undefiled,
How glad am I to call that mother mine
Who nursed a Son divine!

FIRST AND LAST.

'TWAS Mary's face the Christ-child first did
see
On that bleak winter night in Bethany;
And by His side
On Calvary she well-nigh broke her heart
For love of Him, nor wandered oncé apart
Until He died.

“PRAY FOR US.”

VAIN, dost thou say, to supplicate her aid?
Be not afraid;
For He who heard her voice and did her will
Must hear her still.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

BECAUSE thou wert the flower wherein
Heaven's holiest Dew would one day rest;
Because upon thy lily heart
Would bide, ere long, the Perfect Guest,
Lo! God kept sin apart from thee,
Lest sin should taint Christ's purity.

Because thou wert ordained to be
The cup to hold the Living Wine;
Because upon thy breast alone
Would rest the Christ-child's head divine,
God did preserve thee pure within,
Immaculate, unknown to sin.

O perfect flower, wherein was laid
The perfect Gift, God's only Son!
O matchless lily, on whose heart
Slept peacefully the Matchless One,
There was no flower on earth like thee
To woo from heaven Divinity!

THE MIRROR.

SO oft He gazed both long and lovingly
 Into thine eyes so fair,
That when I look therein, lo! I can see
 His own reflected there!

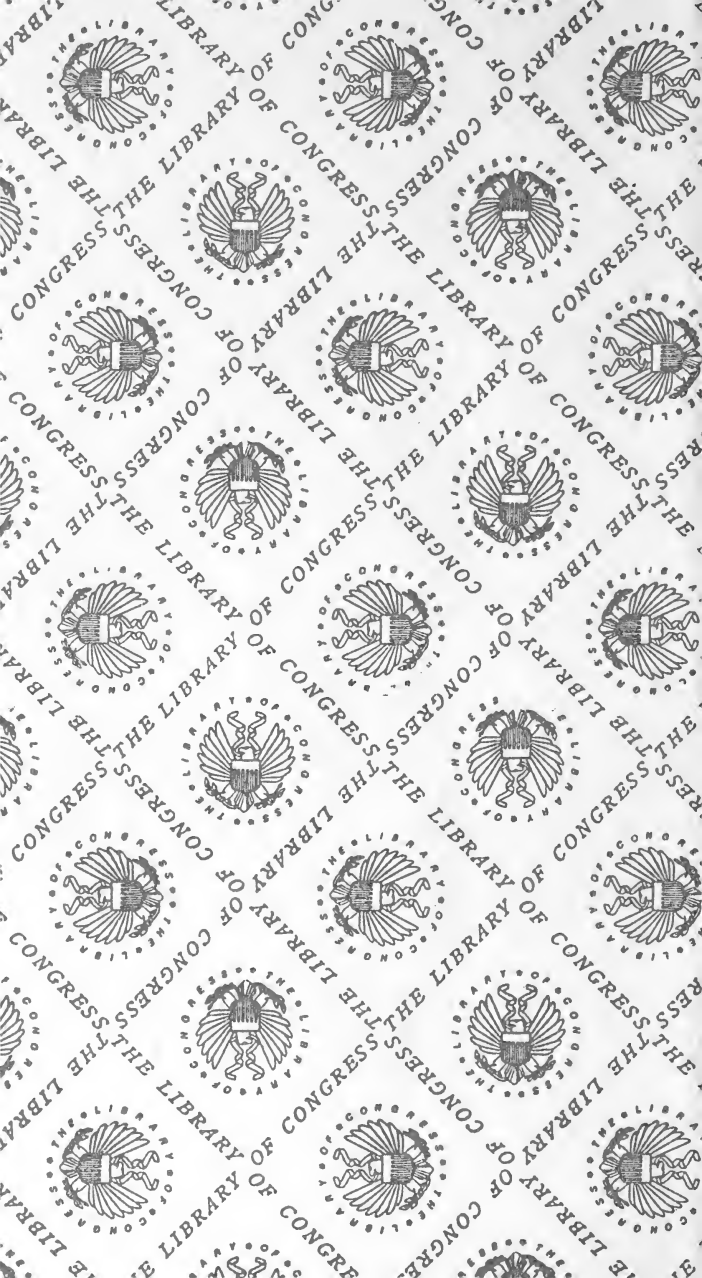
MOTHER AND CHILD.

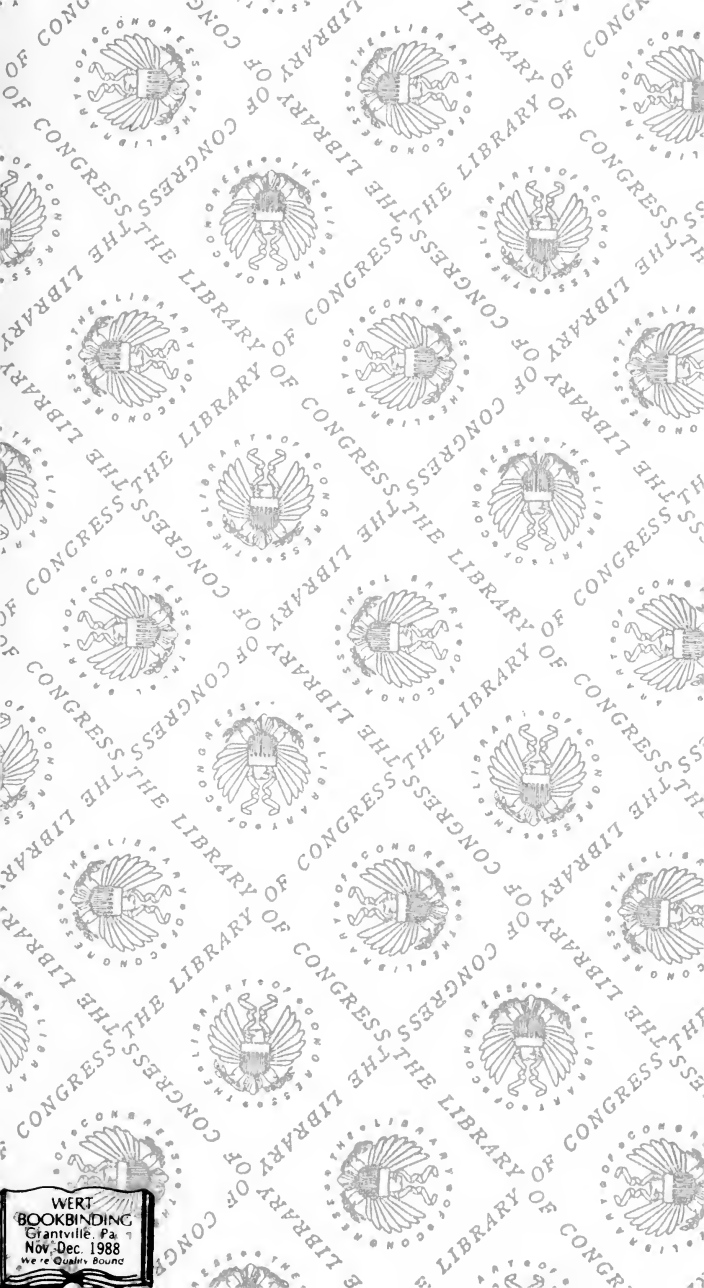
I NEVER think of thee apart from Him,
Nor Him apart from thee;
Lo! ever near thy Son, with mother-love,
Thy tender face I see.

Would that my heart such love for Him might
show,
Forever, day by day,
And would that I might follow Him, as thou,
Along His sad, dark way.

THE ASSUMPTION.

N O spot of earth was fair enough to keep
Thy virgin form that lay in death asleep.
Ah! heaven alone was fair enough for thee,
Thou miracle of heavenly purity.





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